NAVAL REVIEW

(Continued from page seventeen.)

trained, the most highly disciplined. They will not fail us in the hour of need, though all the latest theories of naval construction turn out to be false. It was early when the Soudan crawled through the lines, and Jack and Jolly were still in their slacks putting last touches to their house in order. To us landlubbers it seemed that they were painting the lily, trying to perfect perfection. Barefooted and bare-legged, they swabbed spotless decks, removed non-existing specks of dust from milk-white canvas wind screens, and polished breech-blocks and brass work which already shone bright as the mirror of truth. But the navy is never satisfied that things are well; they must be ever trying to make them better; that is how their standard of excellence is maintained.

Foreign Warships.

The Soudan turned along the line of the foreign warships that have come to salute the King and do honor to his fleet. Their crews cheered us as we went, the smart, sturdy Japanese with much energy, the Germans some what stiffly, the Turks awkwardly, the Swedes and the Danes in quite English fashion, and the French with a warmth that made our pulses tingle. The fine bluejackets of the Danton crowded the rails, and, led by the officers on the bridge, greeted us with round upon round of hurrahs. Unfamiliar flags caught the eye in the midst of much bunting; the pretty blue and white of Argentina, the dragon on the yellow ground of China, the blood-red Ottoman ensign, with the star and crescent in white; the Austrian naval flag, very much like that of Spain; the German equivalent to our white ensign; the Greek flag, inordinately large. The white Swedish cruiser stood out among her more somber British companions; so did the grey 'Turk,' a smart ship which says something for the work that British officers are doing in the Ottoman navy. Denmark sent a coast defense ship, so low in freeboard that her decks must always be awash. Russia was represented by the big, many-gunned 'Rossiya,' whose seamen gave us a most friendly welcome. The crew of the Spanish 'Reina Regente' were noticeable for being dressed in white.

Our berth lay behind the Turkish cruiser, three-quarters of a mile away from the place, on our starboard bow, where a buoy marked the anchorage for the royal yacht. We had been trying hard for the last hour to take in the details of this enormous spectacle; now we were able to look upon it as a whole, but I confess myself unable to describe it adequately—the beauty of it, the vastness, the significance. There were, counting these double lines as one, five lines of British warships, each six miles long, stretching from east of Southsea Castle to beyond Osborne Bay. The lines were a mile in depth. It will give an idea of the vastness of the review area if I say that it covered about twenty square miles of water, and that the king's yacht, in making a double journey through the lines and returning to Portsmouth Harbor, steamed twenty-five miles.

A Beautiful Spectacle

The anchorage at Spithead is the most famous, as everybody knows, of all that the British navy has ever used; it is also one of the most beautifully situated. To the south are the rounded, luxuriously wooded hills of the Isle of Wight; on the north, the golden sands of Stokes bay, the yellow ribbon of Southsea beach, the roofs and spires and towers of Portsmouth, bosomed in trees, and backed by the bold ridge of Ports Down. To the east the open ocean is "girdled with the sky;" to the west the silver Solent is caught and lost in a tangle of gentle hills. In front of us the dull grey lines of massive ships lay motionless in olive green water, not graceful or inspiring like the old Victory away yonder in Portsmouth harbor, but imposing and not devoid of a certain stern beauty. Their bare poles stood up against a great bank of storm cloud that lowered over the land to the north, so that all the color there was in the ensigns and the little strings of signal flags showed up brightly in the sun. Behind us, under the Ryde shore, in vivid contrast to this stern array, was a countless fleet of yachts and steamboats and liners, all filled with people and smothered with gaudy bunting which fluttered happily in the sunlight.

Development Aboard.

The armada that we saw from the Soudan, if not greater in nmbers, possessed infinitely greater fighting value than the fleet of 1902, but does it ensure to us the same measure of maritime supremacy that we possessed then? The question was prompted by the sight of foreign ships representing powerful modern navies which had no being in 1902. Yonder lay the Austrian Radetzky, handsome in dark green paint, well-found, the equal of our Lord Nelsons. Austria had no navy ten years ago, yet while we looked at the big Radetzky a dreadnought was being launched at Trieste. Close by was the Von der Tann, the rival of our Invincibles, the representative of a fleet that has grown in ten years to be the second in the world. The American Delaware, good-looking but for its curious masts of steel lattice-work, the most powerful fighting unit at Spithead, told us that the United States must be very seriously reckoned within the race for naval supremacy. And, finally, the workmanlike Japanese cruiser, built in Japan, manned by the men or the brothers of the men who fought at Tsu-Shima, reminded us that there is now a naval power of the first class in the East. We can be proud—and justly proud—of our own magnificent fleet, but do not let us be tempted to lose our sense of proportion or to look at things in a wrong perspective by the loud-sounding phrases that will certainly be used about Saturday's review. We shall hear a great deal about the 'biggest' fleet the world has ever seen,' but do not let us forget that other nations have big fleets too, and that our position in respect of any two of them is worse than it has ever been.

Clearing the Lines.

At noon a gun banged, and in an instant etvery warship was 'dressed with strings of manuy colored bunting, running from mast to mast, and from bow and stern to masthead. The White Ensign was foisted to the main by the British. For the next hour and a half white sailed and white hulled yachts flit in and out between the warships and the liners are invaded by squadrons of pleasure steamers, carrying hosts of sightseers. Then the picket boats clear the 'ground' for the coming ceremony, chasing the yachts and the steamers away under the Ryde shore. By this time the breeze has freshened and the gently heaving bosom of the Solent is blown into foam-tipped wavelets. The sun sparkles on the dancing green waters; the storm clouds over the land have disappeared, and the lovely Hampshire country lies bathed in warm sunshine, every feature of it standing out with soft distinctness.

Just after the two royal yachts stole out of Portsmouth harbor we could see her tall yellow masts and yellow funnels as she steamed round the eastern end of the lines. She had the Admiralty flag at the fore, the Royal Standard at the main, and the Jack, the flag of an Admiral of the fleet at sea, at the mizzen. She was the only 'undressed' ship in the Solent except the three torpedo boats which preceded her, and the three Trinity House and Admiralty yachts that followed her. It was twenty minutes past two, and the 'Victoria and Albert' turned her gilded prow to go down between the rear line of British ships and the line of foreign war vessels. She was three, perhaps four, miles away, but through our glasses we caught the flash of the first gun of the salute. Then gun after gun shot flame and belched great clouds of white smoke, but no sound reached us against the wind, until the Spanish cruiser, not more than twenty cables length away, let fly with a piece in her upper battery. Then the crash of the great salute broke upon us, the air was rent with the noise of it, the hills reverberated with the sound and for the moment the vast fleet was hidden behind a reeking veil of smoke.

Cheers for the King.

When we saw it again the ships were 'manned,' the bluejackets lined the decks, the bridges were picked out in scarlet with lines of marines, the officers in full uniform stood at attention at their posts. As the royal yacht passed each ship the crews, officers and men, British and foreign, took off their headgear and gave three cheers for the King. On came the stately royal vessel, past the ugly 'Danton,' where, our glasses told us, the French sailors were cheering with a will. Presently she was abreast of us, and we could see the King on the bridge with the bright blue sash of the Garter across his admiral's uniform. He was at home there, and looked it as he had his eye over the ships under review and acknowledged the cheers they gave him. On the deck below him we could see the Queen and a brilliant group in many uniforms. The red-fezzed Turks and white-coated Spaniards in front of us cheered, but we could not hear them. Only the British cheers reached us, the deep-throated, orderly volleys of hurrahs from the Africa and the Commonwealth and the Albemarle.

The yacht passed out of our sight to the west, steaming out to the end of the 'far-flung line;' then reappeared, gliding past the fourth destroyer flotilla into the avenue formed by the first and second lines of battleships and armored cruisers. Nearly two hours passed between the firing of the salute and the end of the inspection of the fleet, and it was well after four when the Victoria and Albert came to anchor at her berth alongside the Danton, and a swarm of steam pinnacles brought the senior officers of the ships to pay their respects to the King. This ceremony occupied a considerable time, and half-past four was striking when the royal yacht weighed anchor to return to Portsmouth. As she cleared the lines the parting salute crashed out, and the smoke of it hid the King's ship from our eyes.

Then the picket boat sentries were withdrawn and the lines of the fleet were invaded by swarms of craft, sailing and steam, big and little, but all crowded with eager, interested visitors, and presently the Soudan lifted her anchor and steamed sedately away for Southampton, and we thronged in the stern, looking back at the great armada. The bows of the stately ships pointed towards the descending sun, which caught all the color in their strings of fluttering bunting in a warm embrace and kissed every bit of polished metal in their superstructures into flame. The white yachts off the Ryde shore looked like boats of polished ivory on a sea of jade; the red funnels of a Cunarder glowed like red-hot metal—the play of the light was fascinating. At last, far up Southampton Water, the picture faded from our eyes; but it will never fade from our memories; it will live with the many profound impressions that have been stamped upon our minds during a glorious and historic day.

BEARDED AND BAREFACED KINGS

It was often remarked at the accession of Edward VII that he was the first bearded King for nearly 300 years. The ill-fated King Charles I was his immediate predecessor in this respect, and he came to the throne in 1625, whereas the late King succeeded his mother in 1901. Charles was the last of the Kings for a very long time to represent the Elizabethian or Shakespearean fashion of the pointed beard and to wear his own hair on his head.

Cromwell, the uncrowned King of England, certainly wore no wig like the long line of his successors, but though he wore his own hair he wore it pretty long. Charles II wore a tremendous wig, curled in a hundred ringlets, but the only hair on his face was a slight mustache. None of his successors until Edward VII boasted even that. Both beards and mustaches went clean out of fashion, and James II, William III, all the Georges and William IV, were just as clean shaven as all the rest of their masculine subjects. There was a time when a beard had not been seen in England within living memory.

In wearing a beard Charles I followed the example of his father, James, and, as he was a Scottish before he was an English King, he probably followed the fashion of his predecessors in the northern kingdom, for he was preceded by two Queens and a boy King, and had no precedent in this respect to follow, even if he had desired one. Henry VIII, nearly a hundred years before James I's time, had been as much an innovator in respect to whiskers as Edward VII was, for, like our late King, this much-married monarch could look back upon several barefaced predecessors without a break, for none of the kings from Henry V to Henry VII wore the least hair upon their faces.

Prior to Henry V's time, however, beards might be said to be almost the rule, and, indeed, from William I, in 1066, to the death of Henry IV in 1413 no King sat on the English throne who was clean shaven. The Conqueror and his two sons and successors were content with a mustache only, as were Henry II and Richard II; but Richard the Lion Hearted would seem to have made the beard fashionable, for his brother John, Henry III and the first three Edwards entirely gave the razor the go-by.

Thus, out of the thirty-three kings who have ruled in England, the beard wearers and the clean shaven almost provide a tie, for there are thirteen of the former and fourteen of the latter. Six kings wore mustaches.—London Telegraph.

SHOOTING NOTICE.

Anyone found trespassing or shooting on the Waialae or Kahala lands will be prosecuted to the full extent of the law.

PAUL R ISENBERG.
July 1, 1911.